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Recommended Citation

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Bard

GRAMMAR LESSON (2)

Ne does not mean no
means *born* among us
or be *inside*. Only *no*
means no, famously,
a cool clean bassoon
amidst all the tragedy of yes.

16 August 2006

= = = = =

Sometimes a word is enough
tell me when or once teacher
upon a time short ago

you held a book in one hand
and your private parts in the other
how can they be private when

they belong to everyone on earth
everyone but me?

16 August 2006

A BAD DAY FOR SYMMETRY

Listen to the trees
the absolution
they seem to hum,

is it wind or just wood,
a dumb combination
that consoles just the same

like a flame? Things
do their job. Not even you
are far enough away to see.

16 August 2006

= = = = =

When it's hot
you can't tell what it's really like

like coffee in a paper cup
by the time it's cool enough to taste it's gone.

16 August 2006

FLOWERS

How do flowers come to mean
what we think they mean?

Were we ever really listening
or did some one of us stand
out of the crowd or town or caravan

and pay some sort of dumb attention,
the only kind that hears?

Or was there no love before the rose
came here from Persia
with all those golden bees around it

speculating all day long about its powers?

16 August 2006

= = = = =

Tu me manques.
Always blame it
on the other.
That's what the other's for.

16 VIII 06

= = = = =

Suddenly grow addicted to the irreplaceable,
snowdrops in August

I'm speaking discreetly—
so many mountains I've had to give up.

16 VIII 06

= = = = =

How wordless it is inside me until I have to speak. People sometimes call me eloquent. Perhaps it's because the words rise fresh from a sensuous silence in me. It's only now, late in life, that I grow conscious of this, and even now not yet fully so. This morning I realized that words only arise in mind when I imagine myself talking to someone, responding, or planning an interview. So the words only run current in Eros and Polemos with the image'd other. Desire and strife, complaints, demands, desires shout out in mind, and their banality obtrudes upon my usual silence. Thank Wisdom, it is mostly silent.

17 August 2006

SCORDATURA

The deliberate mistuning
of a perfect world
so humans can live in it –

the mistuning of perfect beings
so they can live in this fallen world –
the two paths of Gnostic explanation

lead me out of the book late at night
to a new freshly blacktopped path
up a hill I never knew

I stand at the top and know nothing but space.

17 August 2006

PATIENCE

To move a queen
to get to a two hey
this is not my
kind of liturgy

the night is clear
the maples full
I wonder where
you're thinking now

the policies of of
are devious but true
connection links us
so that I am you

half the time and you me
half the other a sliding
scale a logarithm
of progressive grief

until we meet touch
hold fold the ridiculous
emblems of our discourse
and start to talk.

18 August 2006

= = = = =

Skin in the night dreams
swell so morning comes
thicker than ever
the way music obliterates
the words it passes through

but then they're born again
phoenix in musica
ardescens ascends

stripping off the old sounds and knowing
meaning in silence.

18 August 2006

= = = = =

What will it be today?

It will be today. A baker
with a peel of loaves
new minted, somewhere else
somewhere else.

18 VIII 06

WAITING AT THE GATE

A gate is about waiting
for and to and for the sake of from
aways and along time still

I saw two columns slim and tall
so sought between them what I need
and one said I am the very gate itself

but I couldn't tell which one
so went between, and only so might I
or any come through one thing

and into the heart of another
midday in the broken garden.

19 August 2006

= = = = =

The thing to travel with
but do not go

beyond the center
there is the middle

and in the core of the middle
an eye looks at me

wherever I move
whenever I sit still

and only sometimes looks away
when I am no one in the middle of the morning.

19 August 2006

= = = = =

My experiences
tell me
be quiet
about them

you do not need
the blueprint of
what happened me
you need

only what they
made me make
of it ever
for you alone.

19 August 2006

= = = = =

These little testaments these happenstances
lurid afterglow of sixteen marriages
a girl in every hedge the beckoning
secret highways of the mile beneath our meanings
take me just as far as Königsberg
with all her bridges don't expect to be believed
truth turns out to be non-cognition after all
more like Botticelli or a suntan than
the miracles of systematic prose that
other kind of water I drink nights
from the foolish faucet something very wise.

19 August 2006

= = = = =

Have I said it yet
the thing you mean

there is a picture of it on the wall
livid robe around a flaming heart

and your face so patient
ensorcelling me or anyone who looks

with physical eyes on such esprit
because that is what we mean by being here

and why the quest for money is so wrong
though money of itself is beautiful and sweet

full of swift exchanges
just as truth is beautiful and good

but those who quest for it become
systematic desperadoes of the mind

and have no time to taste what they amass.
Ergo: receive everything and let everything go.

Grief comes from grasp. Doesn't matter
if I believe this or not, it's true,

it said it was true and it tastes like real bread.

19 August 2006

Political Poem

I don't know anything about the government.
And you're dumber than I think you are if you think you do.

19 VIII 06

ANXIETY

What is anxiety? When the future pretends to be present, the mind can't hold the actual present firm. The unreal other keeps shimmering through.

The future, what is the future? The future is like a dismal garage band you hear practicing from far off when you thought you were walking in the quiet woods.

And all the happiness in this little head of the dwarf between your eyes,

the divine Dwarf
who's actually bigger than you are.

Ah, you think. Maybe not a dwarf, maybe a Child! Help him grow.

Only *Now* can feed this babe.
The past is poison and the future is a rabid dog.

20 August 2006

UNREADING THE CARDS

I want to look
pretty pictures
and forget.

20 VIII 06

= = = = =

And there was a picture of her doing it
by the French doors the piano spreadeagled loud
and one more evening slumped across the windowsill

and she kept doing it. Prima la musica
duopo la poesia, I learn slowly but I learn.
Picture her doing it. You see her as the window.

Now she has brought all the light into the room
and is busy weaving with it something we can hear.

20 August 2006